NURSE

DANDLEM'S

PRETTY

SONG BOOK.

With fine cuts.

Price One Halfpenny

Mamma and Baby.

What a little thing am I!
Hardly higher than the table:
I can eat, and play and cry,
But to work I am not able.

Nothing in the world I know,
But mamma will try and
shew me;
Sweet mamma! I love her so;
She's so very kind to me.

And she sets me on her knee
Very often for some kisses:
O! how good I'll try to be,
For such a dear mamma as
this is.

The Husbandman.

I'm a little husbandman,
Work and labour hard I can;
I'm as happy all the day
At my work as if 'twere play;
Tho' I've nothing fine to wear,
Yet for that I do not care.

When to work I go along,
Singing loud my morning song;
With my wallet at my back,
Or my waggon whip to smack,
O, I am as happy then,
As the idle gentlemen.

I've a hearty appetite,
And I soundly sleep at night;
Down I lie content and say,
"I've been useful all the day."
I'd rather be a plough-boy than
A useless little gentleman.

The Idle Boy.

Young Thomas was an idle lad
And loung'd about all day;
And though he many a lesson had,
He minded nought but play.

He only car'd for top and ball
Or marbles, hoop, and kite,
But as for learning that was all
Neglected by him quite.

In vain his mother's kind advice,
In vain his mother's care
He follow'd ev'ry idle vice,
And learnt to curse & swear.

And think you, when he grew a man,
He prosper'd in his ways?
No—wicked courses never can
Bring good and happy days.

The Naughty Child.

My sweet little girl should be
cheerful and mild, [cry!
She should not be fretful and
Oh, why is this passion? re-
member my child, [sky.
God sees you, who lives in the

That dear little face which I
like so to kiss, [pears;
How dreadful and sad it ap-
Do you think I can love you so
naughty as this, [tears,
Or kiss you all wetted with

Remember, tho' God is in hea-
ven, my love,
He sees you within, & without
And always looks down from
his glory above,
To notice what you are about.

The blind Sailor.

A sailor with but one poor leg,
A little charity implores;
He holds his tatter'd hat to beg,
Come let us join our little stores.
Poor Sailor! we [might be
As needy and as poor as he. ourselves

A thousand thanks, my lady kind,
A thousand blessings on your head!
A flash of lightning struck me blind,
Or else I would not beg my bread.
I pray that you may never be
A poor blind wanderer like me.

With this companion at my side
I travel on my lonely way,
And God Almighty will provide
A crust to feed us day by day.
Weep not for me my lady kind,
Almighty God protects the blind.

Contented John.

One honest John Tomkins, a
hedger and ditcher,
Altho' he was poor, did not
want to be richer ;

For all such vain wishes to him
were prevented,
By a fortunate habit of being
contented.

Tho' cold was the weather, or
dear was the food,
John never was found in a mur-
muring mood;
For this he was constantly
heard to declare,
What he could not prevent, he
would cheerfully bear.

Harry Idle.

He spun his top, he smack'd
his whip,
At marbles he would also play
And round the room he'd often
skip, [away.
And thus his hours he threw

BUY MY BROOMS.